



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

A Different Kind of Craft



👁 22 ✓ 0 ★ 3

Chapter 1 by Jenny Neill

The girl crouched in the shadows of the cavernous room as she struggled to keep her shallow breaths from echoing off the stone walls. The mask over her face was helping, but she began to feel dizzy from the lack of oxygen. When she heard the hard CLAP CLAP CLAP of solid boots against the damp floor, she rose slightly and sauntered over to the sound that she knew all too well.

"Cahill speaking, Lord Yansen," she said flatly. "The Flamecraft vermin have been apprehended." The silhouette turned its angular head and barked back at her in a deep male voice, "Your tone comes off as discriminatory. I would watch that." He turned so that his back was facing her. She huffed a breath as she reluctantly said, "Do you have another mission for me?" She prayed silently to the Luck God, Filiks, that the man would say no. Her heart shattered in her chest when he nodded.

"I'm afraid," he mocked in sarcastic pity. "There is a band of troublemakers along the outskirts of Aylward. I need you to bring them here alive."

Her eyes widened. "Alive?!"

"Watch it!" he bellowed. "That kind of blind emotion will get you killed one day. Yes, alive, but you get backup. Two craftsmen and two craftswomen."

She had a million more questions, but she simply said, "Yes, my lord."

"Your team members are DeReg, Long-I-Jail. You leave at dawn. Rest, Flamecraft Cahill!"

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

The girl, Cahill, approached the gates of Claec, ready to leave. If her owner required her to cover her wild, bright-red hair, than this must be a mission of stealth. She turned around and saw two of her comrades approaching. She studied them closely. One of them was male and had brown hair and freckles scattered all over him like stars. She had the freckle curse as well. The second had very tan skin, black hair, and black eyes that tilted up at the corners. Now that she thought about it, Musuh does sound like a foreign name, and so does DeRege. They must be new here, like her.

"You're DeRege," she said to the freckled one, "And you're Musuh." Musuh laughed, and DeRege smiled awkwardly.

Oh. OH. She retained every detail while also noting that while Musuh was socially fluent, DeRege was an awkward turtle.

"I'm a Sparkcrafter, and Logan is a Warpcrafter. You can call me Cahaya." the black-haired one said simply. The girl was at awe at how social situations are so easy for him. However, the girl was at awe with almost everything.

"Annabelle Cahill, Lifecrafter," the girl sighed at how easily it was to talk to these friendly people. She hoped the other two were the same.

As if an answer to her question, two more girls came in, running and laughing. One had cerulean, stick-straight hair and eyes to match. She had on the red uniform of a Flamecrafter. Annabelle found it odd that someone from Wavecrafter heritage chose to be a Flamecrafter. Perhaps Annabelle now had a rebel on her hands.

The other girl was odd. The front half of her long, straight head of hair was jet-black, including her bangs, but the back half was white as snow. Her eyes were wide enough that Annabelle could see their soot-gray coloring, even from a distance.

When the blue-haired one approached, Annabelle saw her for real. Her eyes had a flame in them that burned through the blue of her heritage. She was a rebel. She would rebel against every scum on the planet, and Lords help them when she did. It made Annabelle want to laugh, because this savage beast was on her side, but it also made her want to run for the hills.

The blue-haired girl's eyes sparked. "Viheke Minami. This is Panda Ssungdung-whatever."

"Belle," she said. "Wait... so your name is Panda?"

"My name is Panda Ssungdung-whatever," Panda said. "I'm a rebel with a fiery voice!"

champagne and pop rocks. "Panda's outfit was an array of colors, and she said, 'You're a Lightcrafter? Seriously?' Her monochromatic features... control light and color. "Yep, ironic right?" she laughed with that fiery nature in her eyes.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

The gates opened and they were off. They sauntered slowly through the woods because their owners instructed that this was a mission of stealth. Belle kept her wild red hair up and tucked away in a braid, shielded by the black cloak she received at the start of the mission. They all received them, to keep their bright uniforms hidden. Belle's was a light green like a leaf, Cahaya's was purple, Logan's was a soft yellow, Panda's was rainbow, and Viheke's was crimson. Belle wondered why these bandits needed to be apprehended by all of these different people. They must be bad news. The forest grew silent besides Panda laughing every so often. Belle knew this was going to be a long trip.

When the sun was setting, the group decided to set up camp for the night. They decided that they would show each other their abilities because some of them had never seen some of the abilities that they can do.

They rolled out blankets and were about to start a fire when Viheke said, "Allow me." She rubbed her hands together, squinted her ocean-toned eyes, and flicked a finger toward the pile of sticks outlined with stones. A flicker of flame shot out from her finger like a bullet and landed silently on the logs, which roared into flames moments later. Panda whooped and the rest clapped softly, laughing. Cahaya asked, "Who wants to go first?"

Luke shrugged and stood up. The others watched with amazement. Warcraft was kind of rare, and very difficult, they say. He rolled his shoulders back as his canines elongated as his mouth opened. The plain brown of his eyes shifted into a golden brown. He hunched over, his clothes sagging, and when he looked at his team again, he was a dog.

Viheke laughed loudly, and the just the sound of it made Belle laugh. She called Logan over and pet him ferociously, which made them laugh, too. Logan barked a laugh as he shifted back.

"I'm working on making my clothes shift with me, but I haven't perfected it so I did an animal just the right size so they wouldn't fall off." We laughed once more. Belle honestly didn't think that she'd ever laughed this much in one sitting.

Belle beamed and forced some courage into her bones. "Me next." She was looking for some dead leaves when she saw a rotted tree, barren with Autumn cold. She called over the team as she held her hands out. She focused her thoughts into her palms.

The tree grew, it's branches straightened, and emerald-shaded leaves popped up on it's

branches. Around the leaves grew the apples. The gray rotting in the tree shifted to a bright brown.

She beamed with pride. They moved on to Cahaya. He held his hands out and lightning. It was like a firework show and a storm all in one. Everyone was thoroughly impressed.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Next was Panda. She made their camping site shine as if it was day in that one spot, but only momentarily because they didn't want to attract attention. She could also change the color of anything at all.

Their tricks and abilities were cool, but they were still being discovered. They were happy as they gathered around the campfire and fell asleep.

Annabelle jolted awake. She didn't know why she had woken up, but she thought maybe her subconscious heard something. She pivoted between her two weapon choices briefly, not being able to decide between her ax or her mandatory bow that they were all given. She chose the bow so her potential opponent couldn't get too close.

She swiveled, gripping her bow tight, ready to fire. Her clumsy feet crunched in the leaves. She cursed and thought of how Lord Yansen, her owner, would have thought of her graceless misstep. She prowled through the trees with her bow ready, aware of anything amiss.

Sure that she was in the clear, she turned back to the camp. There, sitting on her blanket, draped in them, was a boy that looked her age. Was he a craftsman? Did he have an owner like every other craftsmen? Was he a Truant, a craftsman with no owner?

She furrowed her eyebrows at him and pulled her bowstring back all the way. "Who are you?" He looked at her with his pale blue eyes. "I'm your friend."

Oh. That's right. Her friend. She slackened her bow and smiled at him slowly. "Sorry about-" An arrow shot by her head and struck the tree behind the friend, a centimeter from his pale blonde hair. Belle went to look at it and she remembered that she had never met this boy before.

She didn't dare look in his eyes again. She pulled her arrow back as Panda ran up to her side, the source of the previous arrow. Belle looked at the space between the boy's magic blue eyes and asked, "WHO ARE YOU?" Panda growled a feral growl that sent a shudder down Belle's spine. "Whoa, whoa, okay, truce," the boy said. "I'm James. I was sent here by my owner to help you guys, sorry I'm late." He dropped Belle's blankets as he stood up, revealing an orange uniform laced with gold. Belle's pale green eyes widened. Not only was this boy, JAMES, a craftsman, but he was a Mindcrafter. Not only could Mindcrafters hypnotize, but they could warp your brain, create and destroy memories, and stimulate emotions in you at will. They were one of the

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Panda crouched down to him and gave him a stare that would have made the fiercest warriors soil themselves. "See to it."

Belle waited until James was settled and seemingly asleep, but even then she still couldn't rest. She rummaged through her bag until she pulled out her favorite book, Thin Ice. It was the fifth book in the Blue Death series, a series about a Frostcrafter that rebelled against her owner, becoming a Truant. It was a very psychological and Belle believed that it gave you flawless insight into real-life situations. She took out that book from her bag that was stuffed with books (if you can't tell already, she loved books) and opened the cover. She read for at least an hour before she was interrupted.

"Did you take note of them?" James's unexpected voice made Belle jump. "Do you ever observe them in case they betray you?"

Was that a trick question? "Of course," she said, her voice shaking. Lord Yansen wouldn't let her forget it.

"Tell me about Minami, then. Let's test your observation skills," he grinned at her. "For practice." She held back my eye roll as he said, "First name."

"Viheke," Belle recited. Easy.

"Heritage?"

She laughed, "Wavecraft, evidently." Obviously.

"Craft?"

"Flamecraft."

"Age?"

She looked at him. "17. Same as you and me." They were all the same age.

"Weapon choice?"

She paused. "What?"

"Her weapon choice," he grinned at me, finding her weak spot.

Annabelle glared at him and peered over Panda to look at Viheke's things. "Looks like dual-wielding swords." Fitting, for a war machine such as herself.

"Yes, but you didn't know that before."

Belle all of a sudden got defensive. "You're not my OWNER, James-"

"Onda Karisma!"

I snarled, "What?"

"My surname is Onda Karisma!"

"Nevertheless, you are not my OWNER, James!"

"Do what?"

"Try to improve me. Try to JUDGE me!"

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

cannot do that.

"Newsflash, Lifecrafter. Everyone's going to. What, did your owner raise you in a box?"

Annabelle shuddered, "You know NOTHING about me or my owner. It's not my fault that yours didn't even bother to put you on a leash of any kind. It's not my fault that your owner just let you run free like wild animal without any discipline whatsoever!"

She never let herself go this much. "Calm down, Belle. I'm not trying to be mean."

She stared at him square in the eyes. A smile tugged at her lips. What? Why did she smile? She began to giggle uncontrollably, then laugh. She tried her best to glare at James when she cursed at him, "Why are you doing this? You swore, Mindcrafter!"

He began laughing, too. "I didn't DO anything!" he giggled.

She cursed at him while laughing, wrapped in her sheets on the forest floor, until finally she fell asleep, her red mane as much of a blanket as the shrouds around her.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

        See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account